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A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

An Aged and Respected Lady of
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FRANK PARKS COMMITS THE DIABOLICAL DEED.

The Drunken Fiend Hunted Down
and Arrested.

Robbery the Motive; Rum the Instigator.—Terrible Scene in a Kittery Dwelling.—The Victim Just Alive at Midnight.—Head Mangled to a Jelly; Eye Crushed Out; Jaw Hacked with a Knife.—Still Conscious and Able to Describe Her Assailant.

Elvira Tarlton, aged eighty-eight years, a widow woman, of Kittery, was found at her home at 4:35 on Monday afternoon in an unconscious condition, lying on the floor in a pool of blood and with number of horrible cuts and bruises about the face and head.

Shortly before she was found Frank Parks of Kittery, who bears a bad reputation, was seen to jump through one of the kitchen windows of the house and dash down street.

George A. Williams, a well-known employee of the navy yard, saw him dash through the window and at once gave chase, but young Parks was a swift runner and soon eluded him.

Parks' object was robbery, as it was reported that Mrs. Tarlton had considerable money in the house and as she lived alone he had planned to rob her.

She was a remarkably well preserved woman for her years and from the appearance of the room she gave him a warm battle.

Dr. John J. Berry of Portsmouth and Dr. E. E. Shapleigh of Kittery were soon in the house and made an examination of her wounds and pronounced her injuries fatal.

Frank Parks, the young man charged with the crime, is now under arrest.

Town Wild With Excitement.

The town of Kittery has during its history witnessed many exciting scenes, but Monday evening eclipsed everything on record.

The news that a terrible crime had been committed—that one of the old and respected citizens of the town had been almost murdered by a ruffian, spread from house to house and in less than half an hour the main street, from the Piscataqua house to the home of the near-by murdered woman—Mrs. Elvira Tarlton, situated on a lane of Government street, was thronged with excited people, all anxious to assist in the capture of the criminal who had committed the dastardly deed.

One of the first, and the first reporter to reach the scene of the crime, was a representative of the *Herald* and when he arrived at the Tarlton house there was a crowd in front and all were engaged in rehearsing the sad details of the work of the fiend who had inflicted the wicked looking cuts and bruises upon the body of old Mrs. Tarlton.

When the *Herald* man entered the house a scene of confusion met his eyes, but after offering a few suggestions the excited throng of people within the house were able to render valuable assistance to Dr. Shapleigh, who was busy attending to Mrs. Tarlton's wounds.

The *Herald* man suggested that the kitchen, with its horrible scene of blood stained ceilings and furniture, remain undisturbed until the authorities gave the order, and then caused the kind-hearted women to cease their work advanced age. So I went down to her

house at once. I could not open the back door. I rapped upon it several times and finally Mrs. Tarlton called from within 'The door is locked, Mr. Williams.' Thinking that she might have had a fainting spell, I went across to Frank Kuss's to get Mr. Kuss to come over. I had hardly got the other side of the fence when I heard a great smashing of window glass back at the Tarlton house.

'I turned and hurried that way and saw a young chap coming out through one of the dining room windows. He made off through the yard as fast as he could go. I pursued him, but he had too much of a start and outstripped me. While chasing him up the street, I met James Boardman, and asked him who that fellow was.

'It's Frank Parks,' said Boardman. 'Why, what's he done?'

'I told him that the fellow had just broken out of Mrs. Tarlton's house. Then we went back there and found the old lady lying in the kitchen.'

The Capture of Parks.

As soon as possible after the crime was discovered and it had become known that young Parks was implicated in the affair, a searching party was organized to capture him. On a call for volunteers some forty young men, and old, most of them residents of Kittery, stepped forward and offered their services.

This strong party, armed with revolvers and clubs, and headed by Constables Perkins and Lambert, started for the home of young Parks, which is in a lonely, out-of-the-way place in the northern part of the town. He was known to have gone in that direction, as he was seen by several townspeople.

Conductor Thomas E. Wilson of the P. K. & Y. electric road, saw him go over the hill towards that part of the town called 'Shantyville,' and disappear in Spinney's woods.

The searching party divided up into several squads, and each headed by a responsible party, scoured the woods thoroughly, all the time approaching nearer and closing in around his home.

Some one must have been on the watch, for no sooner did the first party come in sight of the house than Parks was seen to leave by a rear door and start across the fields. He was quickly headed off, and seeing escape cut off in that direction, turned back and re-entered the house.

In a short time the building was surrounded by a silent, but grim and determined crowd of men, who cut off every avenue of escape. Constables Perkins and Lambert then started for the door, but before they got there it was thrown open and Mr. Parks, father of the boy, stepped out and said: 'He is in there, go in and get him.'

The two constables and Mr. Elrey Cottle went into the room and without any trouble, slipped the iron bracelets on the wrists of the suspected man. He made no resistance, but seemed to be in a kind of drunken stupor.

He did not deny committing the crime, but talked in a maddlin manner all the way to the town lockup. Arriving there, he was searched, but beyond a half pint bottle of liquor, nothing was found on his person.

He was left in irons and two keepers, William Jackson and George Chickering, placed guard over him. A crowd of several hundred people surrounded the lockup, and numerous threats were made, but it was among the younger element, and they soon dispersed.

This is not the first time that Parks

has been in the clutches of the law, he

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Man the muscular—the peculiar needs of the gentler sex are best supplied by the pure blood, good appetite, better digestion, greater strength which come from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "It made me a new woman," write many warm friends who have realized its benefits. It is unquestionably the best medicine money can buy.

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sofa in the room where she was struck down, for it was thought that she would not survive the ordeal and her friends were anxious that she should live until the arrival of her daughter from Haverhill, Mass. Last night she told Dr. Shapleigh that Parks came in and demanded money. She gave him \$20. This was not enough and he wanted more. Then he struck her down. As no money was found upon Park's person when searched it is supposed that he either threw the money away during the time he was pursued or else has hidden it at home.

Gathered From The Crowd.
The county attorney was notified on Monday evening.

Mrs. Tarlton lived in a most pleasantly situated cottage.

The prompt work of the local authorities was praiseworthy.

Constable John Perkins found a number of citizens anxious and willing to assist.

Mrs. J. W. Richardson and other ladies rendered valuable assistance at the house.

The evidence of George A. Williams will be the most valuable of any of the witnesses.

Mrs. Frank Kuss and Mrs. Anna Lambert were among the first persons to reach the scene.

A crowd of several hundred people was at the ferry landing when the crowd returned from the scene of the crime.

LATER.

Mrs. Mary Elvira Tarlton died from the injuries received at the hands of Frank Parks last evening, shortly after one o'clock this afternoon. She did not regain consciousness after midnight and slowly faded away until death released her from all future suffering. Parks will now have to answer to the charge of murder.

Considerate Males.

Gen. Banks was besieging Port Hudson, La., the southern gateway to the control of the Mississippi river. A body of troops had marched into the back country to look for hovering Confederate cavalry, and were sleeping one moonless night behind stacked rifles in readiness for a night attack.

The attack came in an unexpected form. Some six or eight army mules, getting somehow detached from the wagon wheels to which they were tied at night, were seized by a panic, and came charging down almost the entire line of the Fifty-second Massachusetts Volunteers. Every man lay covered with a 'shelter tent,' a piece of white cotton cloth about five feet square. As the mules rushed over each one of us woke suddenly with a cry and sprang up, raising his shelter tent in one hand or upon his front, so that he seemed like a sheeted and gibbering ghost. This successive rising of over 400 apparitions added wildness to the panic of the mules, and they fairly flew down the line. Now, the remarkable thing is that while many a man has his side rubbed hard or his scalp abraded by the hoof or leg of a mule, not a man was really stepped on or badly hurt. It was for months a subject of comment with us that the mules, their intensified panic should nevertheless have been able to see where to step, should have cared where they stepped, and in their speed should have been able to step on the ground.

Committed to Alfred Jail.

Word was received from County Soltor W. S. Matthews of Berwick that he had another case on hand and consequently could not be in Kittery today. He gave orders not to have the evidence of the crime disturbed at the Tarlton house and instructed that Parks be arraigned before a trial justice without bail, there to await the result of Mrs. Tarlton's injuries. At nine o'clock Parks was brought before Judge Neal at the latter's residence. He appeared to be unconcerned at what was going on and paid more attention to the irons on his wrists than anything else.

Judge Neal read two warrants before him, one charging him with intent to kill and the other aggravated assault with intent to commit robbery. He pleaded not guilty to both charges and outside of the plea the only thing he could be induced to say was "I know nothing about it." Judge Neal ordered that he be taken to Alfred to await the result of Mrs. Tarlton's injuries. Constable Perkins took his prisoner to the Kittery Junction depot in a team and boarded the 10 o'clock train for the east. Parks was without counsel and the only friend he appealed to was his wife. His fate was his fate. Who could have known good or bad and headed him a sum of money.

Rapidly Sinking.

"I am greatly indebted to you!" is a polite remark that a great many men could truthfully make to the grocer and provision dealer.

The unsuccessful man never lays up anything, excepting possibly a pledge against the world.

SPANISH CANNON ARRIVE

The big Spanish guns, taken from the Spanish war ships *Oriental* and *Urquiza*, and shipped from Washington to this novel station for naval efforts of Congressmen, have arrived at the freight depot last evening, and will be ready to be used in a day.

Itchiness of the skin is known to all. Most everybody is subject to it in one way or another. Only one salve will cure. Dr. Cook's Ointment.

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ADAM OF THE IVIES.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

It was her pleasure to accompany me to my room, whether I led her according to her direction, her hand resting on my arm. We were nearly of equal height, which made it specially easy for me to become her guide.

She left me after a while, having assured herself that things had been made comfortable for my reception. And, indeed, a far more captious person than I, and one used to far greater luxury, could scarcely have found anything to complain of in the small suite of rooms—chamber, sitting-room and bath—that had been recently appointed, in view of the fact that Madam was about to receive into her house a new inmate.

I made a cursory inspection of my apartments, disposed my belongings for the night, after refreshing myself with the dainty supper which Madam insisted I should take in my own room, being firmly of the opinion that I was too fatigued to dine below stairs, went to the window and stood for some time gazing in dreamy abstraction out into the night.

A small crescent of light hung low in the heavens, and shed the tenderest of possible illuminations over the world. The night was so still that an almost unearthly hush seemed to have fallen from its wings. On the left, winding away into unfathomable distance, was the avenue which had been my way hither, and far below on the right, dimly and partially discernible through the sombre branches of the grim and forbidding poplars, gleamed forth that cold and spectral mass of masonry that formed the house which had attracted my notice as I approached the Ivies.

Almost beneath me it lay, for I was in a wing of the house in close proximity to the cliff that overhung it. Its utter gloom (there were no lights about it) and air of ghostly mystery struck cold and chill upon my fancy. I felt it to be a house with a history, and fell a-wondering what that history might be; whether I should ever learn it; whether it had connection with the tragedy which seemed to stalk nakedly and yet closely masked about the house in which I had elected to take up my abode. Would the time come when the secrets of Madam's life would be matters of familiar detail to me? Would my courage and the support of that inner monitor on which I so largely depended be sufficient to counteract the loneliness and depression of my surroundings?

Brave and possessed of enthusiasm for my mistress though I was, independent of the diversions of youth at which I had professed myself, I could not close my eyes to the fact that I had never before been tested by such extreme conditions as these, and I wondered if, after the novelty of the situation had worn off, I should be able to find enough matter of interest in the place to hold at bay a natural and by no means exaggerated yearning for occupation and diversion.

I fell asleep still revolving in my mind the possibilities in the case. The next morning was as different from the afternoon that preceded it as it is possible for two days at the same season of the year to be. Whereas the evening had been cold, bleak and dreary, suggestive of the desolation and abomination of winter, the dawn was balmy, mild and pleasant, indicative of spring and all things vernal and joyous.

I made a hasty toilet with my window thrown wide open to the pure country air, which was deliciously invigorating to my city-bred lungs. Then I went out into the long corridor on which my rooms opened and which led to the large upper hall which I have already described. Having gained this, I paused at the half-staircase, admiring its carved beauty, and gazing down into the hall beneath, feasting my eyes upon the harmonious picture of still-life—the splendid apartment presented.

My occupation of it the previous afternoon had been too brief and the light too insufficient for me to discover half its beauties; but now they stood in the brilliant morning sunshine, fully revealed to my admiring eyes. Especially did the sunlight bring into prominence a stained-glass window of enormous proportions, which made a glowing bit of mural decoration of the further end of the hall. It had for subject Christ and the repentant Magdalene, and was a masterpiece of design and effective coloring. About the walls ran low book-cases of dark mahogany, filled to overflowing with books in costly bindings, suggesting the thought that formerly one of the uses of the place had been that of a library. The shelves which topped these cases were covered with beautiful vases, curios, ornaments of modern and antique design; and above these pictures lined the spaces, extending way up the vast stretches of the walls until they met with the gallery above.

While I stood thus, enjoying to the full its rare feast of delight, I heard a weak uncertain footstep behind me. It never crossed my mind that it could be Madam. Despite her blindness, there was no faltering or indecision in any of her movements. I turned, therefore, expecting to confront some servant, and such, indeed, proved to be the case. But the servant was of a type far different from any I had ever been acquainted with.

The woman who had approached me so silently that until she stood within arm's length I had been unaware of her presence was of so strange and singular an appearance that involuntarily I shrank from nearer association, with a recoil of my person of which I was at once ashamed. She was a creature so inharmonious of aspect, of such woeful incongruity of design and fulfillment, so evidently an embodiment of a living grief, that one instinctively shunned contact with her, as one might be doomed to live within her shadows!

There are worse fates than that, mother. A girl who is forced to earn her own living may consider herself fortunate if shadows are the only evil she has to combat.

Like a lover, and over whose pleasant paths and verane the blue skies brood tenderly and peacefully? Have you, betheld this scene of natural and cultivated loveliness after it has been devastated and laid waste by some monstrous cataclysm, after it has been swept and ravaged by ruthless winds, and all its gentle features have been marred and distorted by stress and storm?

That is the only parallel I can think of to the impression this woman produced upon my mind at first sight. Later I came to pity her, to tolerate her presence without shrinking, to endeavor to cheer and comfort her even, but it took a mighty effort to conquer my natural reluctance to appear within the circumference of that depressing atmosphere which she exhaled. All the buoyancy of my young spirit shrank from the contagion of her misery.

She had been probably in youth somewhat above medium height, but her spare form had so yielded to the crushing weight of adversity that she was bowed and bent almost to deformity. One would have taken her for a dwarf at a casual glance. Her face still preserved traces of a once marvellous comeliness, and this very suggestion of former beauty, disfigured and despoiled as it was, marred her countenance far more deeply than native ugliness would have done. Her features were as small and regular as those of a French doll; her eyes, originally blue, were now, through constant weeping, quite devoid of color. Her cheeks, of ghastly whiteness, had so long been the mere water-courses of her tears that they were ploughed with lines worse than the wrinkles of extreme age. All this was repellent enough, but the most repulsive feature of her personality was the strange incongruity that existed between her scarred and pallid countenance and the glorious mass of golden hair that rippled riotously back from her seamed brow. I have never in my life seen, in color or texture, the like of her hair. It was like a flood of sun-shine falling upon a desolate, devastated ruin. There was not a grey thread in it. It had not faded in any degree, nor had it lost any of its rich abundance. On the head of a girl, accented by the bloom and freshness of youth, it would have aroused the admiration of the beholder. On the head of this jaded, wan, miserable woman it jarred upon my eye. It is a great pleasure to these old people. Do not deprive them of it."

The retirement of our existence was well-nigh complete. Madam received absolutely no one, even the clergyman of Eldon parish having abandoned all attempts to penetrate within the walls of the secluded dwelling. Yet, although priestly counsel was not unacceptable to her, Madam was not unmindful of the necessities and privations of the poor, and every month a generous check was despatched by me in her name to Mr. Booth, the rector to be disbursed as he saw fit.

She addressed me as I turned to confront her. I have unconsciously endowed her with a gentle, perhaps plaintive, intonation; instead of which there issued from her drawn lips a harsh, raucous whisper, which increased the repugnance with which she inspired me.

"This is Miss Lothrop?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Mayberry, Madam's housekeeper," she continued. "Madam tells me you are to become her companion."



"THIS IS MISS LOTHROP," SHE ASKED.

Again I bowed assent.

"You will not allow yourself to be disengaged or dissuaded by the dreariness of this place?"

"I think not."

As I uttered this commonplace phrase, imagine my surprise at seeing this curious creature fling herself up on her knees beside me, seize a fold of my gown in her thin, claw-like fingers, and lift a pleading, beseeching face to mine, while she cried, in a very agony of entreaty:

"Ah! do not, do not! I have seen, this morning upon my mistress's face the first ray of brightness that has crossed it since—O God! since when—since when?"

She let go her clutch upon my skirt, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, weeping like a whipped dog at my feet.

It was evident that she was stirred by some powerful memory, and I felt unusually embarrassed in the presence of this passionate outburst, which I knew not how to comfort or soothe. However, I could reassure her upon the point which had seemed to provoke the attack, the probability of my remaining at the Ivies, and this I proceeded to do.

I was engaged in this attempt when her quick and carefully-trained ears detected a sound that escaped my own, the sound of her mistress's feet and steadily tread approaching from her boudoir. She rose at once, and catching my hand to her lips, pressed a tremulous kiss upon it, while she whispered quickly, "My dear, you will be doing missionary work if you remain," and then, gliding noiselessly out of sight, left me to meet Madam and conduct her down the wide staircase to the dairy morning room in which it was her custom to breakfast.

As far as comfort and luxury were concerned, life at the Ivies was ideal. The staff of domestics was plentiful, number, but fully adequate in service. It consisted of the housekeeper and butler whom I have named, an old general out-door servant, who slept in a room in the stable, and attended to the grounds and to the pair of old coach horses that alone, composed Madam's stud, and a cook and housemaid, middle-aged women, pieces of Franklin, who had occupied the same positions since they were girls. Mayberry also served as Madam's maid and I soon discovered that she was exceed-

ingly jealous of any attempts to rob her of the performance of her duties in this capacity.

My duties proved to be thoroughly congenial and in no degree onerous. Madam fulfilled my most extravagant anticipations, and charmed and fascinated me by her many gifts and rare intellectuality. The most cultured minds might have found her a congenial companion; to a young, ardent, impressionable girl, such as I then was, she appeared almost divinely endowed and accomplished. She never, after that first mention of it, made allusion to her blindness, but I felt sure it must have been of recent date, for she had made no attempt to train her other senses to the assistance of this defect, as would naturally have been the case if the affliction had been of very long standing.

At the end of the first week she questioned me as to my willingness to remain, and the force of my response set that matter for ever at rest between us. From day to day I could see that she grew dependent upon me, and this scattered me and increased my enthusiasm for my work. Work! It was scarcely that, the service which was required of me. It was employment. It is true, but the sort of employment that was dearest to my soul, and which was most amuse me of all my tastes.

Old Franklin and Mayberry, grateful to me for the benefit which they insisted I was doing their beloved mistress (I think I was the only being who came in contact with Madam of whom she spoke), studied my comfort to a degree that I had not known before.

"She laid her hand upon my hair, from which she had drawn the pins that the strain upon my head might be relieved. Its masses overflowed the couch and fell upon the floor. I fear that I had no right to lie there and listen to further flattery, and suddenly opening my eyes, met her solicitous gaze.

"Ah, that is right, my dear," she said kindly. "You are better: Davy, she has come to herself."

Dr. Spencer came forward.

"Do no, try to exert yourself quite yet," he said, as I made a motion as if to arise. "Please rest as you are until my mother shall have prepared a cup of tea for you. You will be all right then, I think."

I welcomed the warning exclamation that served as an interruption. I divined that my hostess was one of those simple, garrulous, kindly souls that dearly love a bit of gossip, and the expression of the son's face assured me that this weakness of his mother's was intolerable to him. I had no wish to hear from strange lips details which dear Madam had chosen to withhold from me. To listen to the sad story that had wrecked her life, without her permission, seemed to me treasonable intrusion upon sacred ground.

Mrs. Spencer's round, rosy face flushed a deep crimson.

"Oh, David, my dear, pardon me; I quite forgot," she said hurriedly, and with more embarrassment, it seemed to me, than the occasion warranted.

Both mother and son were so evidently discomposed by her untoward allusion that it appeared wisdom on my part to create a diversion by rising to depart. This action restored the atmosphere to its normal serenity, and drew forth strong expressions of remonstrance from my hosts. Neither considered me fit for the long walk back, and Dr. Spencer urged that I should allow him to drive me home in his dog-cart.

I thanked him cordially, but declined his offer, saying that I feared the advent of a stranger might disturb Mrs. Eldredge, who often took her exercise on the wide veranda at this hour. But Mrs. Spencer insisted.

"You are not fit to walk; Is she, David? Physician's orders, you know, my dear? Do let my son drive you.

He is no stranger to madam. Why—"

Again the warning "Mother!" checked the volatile utterance. She broke abruptly off again and turned aside to hide her confusion. Then the doctor took up the argument.

"You are quite right, Miss Lothrop," he said, "in thinking that my presence might distress Mrs. Eldredge, but I am equally reasonable in asserting that you are in no fit condition to walk home. Let us compromise. If you will permit me to drive you to the gates of the Ivies I will allow you to walk thence to the house. Is it a bargain?"

I was glad to fall in with this proposition, and while Dr. Spencer was gone for the trap I had a nice little chat with his mother. I had much ado,



I THINK SHE IS MRS. ELDREDGE'S COMPANION.

wholly unknown to us, my dear young lady. My son has heard you gratefully spoken of by many of his poor patients, besides which, Mr. Booth has mentioned you to us. I hope your interest in charitable work is not proving too great a tax upon your strength.

"Not at all," I replied with decision.

"This attack is merely the result of confinement. It is a great pleasure to do some good in the world, even if it be only to administer another's bounty."

She looked at me approvingly, and the doctor even turned a kindly glance upon me.

"But you have an excellent home mission," Mrs. Spencer remarked, not without emotion. "Even without venturing beyond the doors of The Ivies you have ample opportunity for good work in ministering to the broken and bruised spirit of that noble woman who is its mistress. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the sad circumstances of—"

"Mother!"

"For you have an excellent home mission," Mrs. Spencer remarked, not without emotion. "Even without venturing beyond the doors of The Ivies you have ample opportunity for good work in ministering to the broken and bruised spirit of that noble woman who is its mistress. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the sad circumstances of—"

"Dorothy?"

"Yes, Madam."

"I have missed you, child. The sun-dial marks no hours while Dorothy is absent."

I raised her hand to my lips.

"Is not this too long a stroll for you without companionship, dear Madam?"

"I have brought a trusty staff with me, you see." She held up a stout, gold-headed ebony cane, of which she frequently made use. "Besides, though he does not dream I suspect it, I have a shrewd idea that my good Franklin exercises a vigilant watch upon me from the veranda." And, sure enough looking round, I espied the old man dodging among the poplars as he made a surreptitious way back to the house safe in the thought that I was with his mistress.

"May I wait for you, Madam?"

"Certainly, though I am about returning."

she paused an instant, and a wistful shadow crossed her beautiful face. After a moment she resumed her speech.

"Dorothy," she said, "this is an anniversary. Forty years ago to-day I came, a happy, joyous bride, to that house yonder." Again she turned her poor blind eyes upon the melancholy pile of masonry. "My child, it is an unlucky house, a house of sad disaster and misfortune to all whom it has sheltered; but, ah! I would like to see it again. I would give much to look once more upon the walls within which I spent so many happy hours."

I was well aware that she lived, when alone, almost wholly within the memories of past events, and I felt it distinctly gratifying that she should give evidence of being so much at one with me as to address me in tones of retrospect.

I said no word to disturb the current of her thoughts, but softly withdrew the ebony stick from her grasp, and slipped the hand which held it within my strong young arm. We waited thus in silence a little, and presently she went on.

"Dorothy, I must see it; I must!" she cried, and there was a deep, uncontrollable yearning in her voice. "Look at it, child; look closely at it, until it seems familiar to you as the face of friend. Then describe it to me; but describe it faithfully, for its image is graven on my heart, and I shall know if your observation is at fault."

I sat silent a few minutes, earnestly scrutinising the prospect before me, for I was anxious to fulfil her request to the very best of my ability, and I was afraid lest she should detect carelessness or slovenliness in my description.

"I see," I began at length, "a gloomy, grey mass of rubble-stone, rising cold and grim against a background of dark woods. It forms a house of unattractive and even forbidding exterior. This house is three-storyed, with a balcony across its front, enclosed and supported by heavy wrought-iron brackets and balustrade. The windows are without blinds, and white inside shutters enhance the nakedness of their appearance. There are two doors of entrance, that upon the ground-floor opening upon a neglected, grass-grown drive—here I felt Madam shiver as if with cold—and appearing to have been of but secondary importance to the architect of the dwelling, for a larger and more imposing doorway exists in the next story, access to which is gained by means of a flight of broken stone steps. The house is square and of uncompromising regularity of outline, and seems to be built against a cliff or ledge of rocks."

I felt a sudden movement of eagerness from my companion, and Madam interrupted me abruptly.

"Yes, yes, it is so. I know it well, that ledge. It forms the back of the lower half of the house, and its surface is covered with a rude platform, which communicates with the house by means of a door opening upon a landing of the inner stair-case. Ah, the dear old platform! How many happy hours have I spent there! Ah, dear old house that has widowed me! Ah, dear, hallowed ground that still echoes with the tread of the feet which I arrived with them to the grave."

The good soul followed me out to the dog-cart and tucked the rug round me with motherly solicitude, and I finally drove away from her comfortable neighborhood with her warm entreaties for future visits ringing in my ears.

The drive home was pleasant. I found the doctor an agreeable and interesting companion, and I gathered from him much information of an impersonal character of Eldon and its surroundings. He left me at the gate with as cordial an expression of satisfaction as the event which had intruded into her farewells, and I made my way up the long avenue reflecting pleasantly upon this new and gay element which had come unexpectedly into my life.

I had covered about half the distance between house and gateway when my unbound amazement, I came upon Madam, who had ventured out quite alone, and who was standing absorbed in thought, leaning against the rustic fence which guarded the steep descent of the cliff. I could not see her face, for it was turned in the direction of the stone house, at which she was intently gazing.

I purposefully made my approach and, that my sudden appearance should not startle her, but she took no heed of me until I laid a light touch upon her shoulder, at the same time greeting her by name. Then, drawing a long, long breath, as if she were impatient to speak, she said:

"I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble," I said to Mrs. Spencer as she took the empty cup from my hand. "I must introduce myself to you in proper form. I am Miss Lothrop, companion to Mrs. Eldredge of The Ivies."

"Yes, I thought so," returned the good woman, with evident pleasure in her own perspicacity. "You are not

alone in the Past, she looked round and welcomed me with a smile.



HOUSE AND SENATE.

THE DAILY WORK

Work Which Can Be Inspected Personally is Always Better Performed.

It's the daily work of the "Little Conqueror."

The work is right here in Portsmouth, taking burdens from the helpless backs.

Bringing sunshine to many a home.

It's deeds that count.

That bring the never ceasing sounds of praise.

The people are learning fast.

Learning to appreciate merit.

Learning to distinguish between claims and proof.

Rations prove it is the best proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by Portsmouth at least.

Read what a citizen says.

Mrs. Ira E. Randall, 73 Pleasant street, says:—"I was taken with acute lameness in the back and it became so tender over the kidneys that I could not bend forward.

Twinges of pain often caught me in the joints in making any quick movement. The pain, and the tired-out feeling hanging over me all the time was most distressing.

I was very bad when I went to Philbrick's

pharmacy in Franklin block for Doan's

Kidney Pills, yet they very quickly banished me and I discontinued using them before the box was completed. I am favorably impressed with the old Quaker remedy, and as I am quite recovered from the attack I can certainly recommend it.

I advise anyone having anything wrong with their kidneys to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I am confident anyone trying

on them will find them effective.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

THEIR LAST PARADE

Celebrated Astor Battery Appears In New York Streets.

New York, Jan. 23.—After the royal welcome extended to them yesterday, and a pleasant night's rest in comfortable beds, the members of the Astor battery gathered at the Seventy-first regiment armory this forenoon and began their preparations for the parade, scheduled for 3 p. m. today.

It was the last public parade of the famous organization, as later this week the battery will be mustered out of the service and the career of the men as soldiers will end.

The men are delighted to be in New York again. Those whose homes have been spent last night with their families. Many who have no homes here spent the night at those of their comrades.

One soldier who had no one to greet him on his arrival is Alexander Barrett, the bugler of the battery. His father, Captain Gregory Barrett, U. S. A., was killed before Santiago.

The battery has had all it wants of the Philippines. Of the entire number of 73 men who are now in this city, only six will live on the Islands. Of these only three are going back, and their sole reason is to make money.

Sixty-seven members of the battery declare they would not live in the Philippine Islands if they were paid to stay there. They say the climate is unhealthy, the people treacherous and unclean and the country uninhabiting.

In the parade today the battery was escorted by a battery of the Fifth United States artillery, from Fort Hamilton, and was headed by a band of that regiment. They started from the Seventy-first regiment armory at 3 p. m., marched up Park avenue to Forty-fifth street, thence to Fifth avenue, to Seventeenth street, to Union square. There they were received at the reviewing stand.

A platoon of Captain Louis Wendel's First battery, N. G. S. N. Y., fired a salute at the reviewing stand.

After passing the reviewing stand, the battery marched to Fourth avenue, to Twenty-third street, and up Madison avenue to Thirty-fourth street, and then to the armory. The battery was received with great enthusiasm all along the route.

FREIGHTER IS OVERDUE.

New York, Jan. 23.—Considerable commotion is being made among shipping men as to the whereabouts of the British freight steamer Almida, which has been out 33 days from Shields for New York. She sailed from Shields on Dec. 19, having called there for coal on her way from Hamburg for New York, in ballast, consigned to Barber & Co., and was reported passing Dunnett Head, at the north of Scotland, on Dec. 21. Since then nothing has been heard of her. The weather on the Atlantic has been so bad that there was reason to believe she might have gone to the bottom. At the office of Barber & Co. it was stated this morning that they had received no word of the Almida, and that she was about 10 days overdue.

FUNERAL OF J. E. HOLLIS.

Newton, Mass., Jan. 25.—The funeral of J. Edward Hollis, the well-known Boston insurance man, who died last Friday afternoon at his home on Washington street in this city, was held this afternoon from the Grace Episcopal church. Prayers were said at the house at noon, members of the family only being present. The services at the church took place at 1 o'clock and were attended by several hundred friends and relatives, including many prominent Boston business men and representatives of the various organizations with which the deceased was identified.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

Washington, Jan. 23.—New England snow or rain; light variable winds becoming easterly and increasing.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup seems especially adapted to the needs of the children. Pleasant to take; soothing in its influence; it is the remedy of all remedied for every form of throat and lung disease.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Miss. Wheel's Soothing Syrup has been good for children's bronchitis. It soothes the child, settles the gas, allays all pain, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents. JOHN WOOD.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—The court of cassation today examined Major Count Estuary, who entered the palace of justice without being noticed.

TWO LIVES LOST.

Capitan Launch Run Down in San Francisco Bay by a Ferryboat.

San Francisco, Jan. 23.—The capitan launch William D. was run down and sunk by the steam ferryboat Oakland in the bay yesterday. Two lives were lost. The dead are J. Otis Wattles, marine engineer, son of a San Francisco broker; Frank E. Orr of this city. Wattles disappeared when the launch went down and his body was not recovered.

The launch when run down was in search of a boat containing two men supposed to have been drowned. These are William Seabury, son of Captain Seabury of the Pacific Mail steamship China, and Edward J. Finn, who started out last Friday on a hunting expedition. As they failed to return their friends chartered the William D. and had just started on their mission of rescue when the ferryboat Oakland was seen approaching. The launch was headed for Goat Island and was crossing the Oakland's bow, it is claimed, when the big steamer ran it down.

The launch went to the bottom almost immediately, and it is considered remarkable that all on board did not perish. Engineer Wattles, who was apparently stunned by the shock of the collision, went to the bottom, but the others were picked up. Orr, whose injury proved fatal, was the only one seriously hurt.

Later in the day the boat in which Seabury and Finn went hunting, was found bottom up off Red Rock, near the mouth of the Sacramento river, and it is believed that both men have been drowned.

AS HOSPITAL SHIP.

Transport Will Go to Cuba to Bring Back Bodies of Our Dead Soldiers.

Savannah, Jan. 23.—Lieutenant J. B. Bellinger, department quartermaster, says he knows nothing of the rapid decomposition of the bodies buried in Cuba, but presumed from the instructions he received with reference to the transport Roumanian that it is the intention of the quartermaster's department to remove the bodies before they are so destroyed.

He understands that the Roumanian will go to New York from Matanzas at once, and on arrival there will be fitted out as an undertaker's ship. A supply of coffins, chemicals and a number of undertakers will be taken, and the transport will be at Santiago about a month, during which time the bodies of all the American soldiers who were killed in battle or who died in the hospitals will be taken from the ground and placed in hermetically sealed coffins.

They will then be taken to New York, and relatives or any one else interested may have the bodies shipped to them at government expense for burial, or in case the bodies are not claimed they will be properly buried in one of the national cemeteries. Further than this, Lieutenant Bellinger knows nothing of the plans of the government.

BREWERS ON STRIKE.

Hartford, Jan. 23.—Thirty-five brewers employed at the New England Brewing company's brewery went out on strike this morning, causing the brewery to shut down. The brewers have an alleged grievance over the discharge of two men who are members of the Brewers' union. They claim the men were discharged because they were among the leading members of the union. The officials of the brewery state that the men were discharged because they were incompetent. The directors of the company will hold a meeting this afternoon to discuss the matter, and a meeting of the brewers will be held this evening. The international secretary of the Brewers' union is expected here from New York to try and settle the matter.

OUT FOR A SAIL.

Washington, Jan. 23.—President McKinley, accompanied by Mrs. McKinley and a party of friends, went down the river this forenoon on the dispatch boat Sybil, for a day's outing. In the party were Colonel and Mrs. Herrick of Cleveland, Captain and Mrs. McWilliams of Chicago, Captain and Mrs. Rands, Miss Mary Barber, Miss Mabel McKinley, Miss Clara Shields, Miss May McWilliams, Miss Clara Harter, C. R. Shultz and James Barber. All the members of the party are guests at the White House. The party will return to this city this evening.

JOHN DALY MAYOR.

Dublin, Jan. 23.—John Daly, the Irish political prisoner, who was released from Portland prison in 1886, after having been sentenced to penal servitude for life, in 1884, for complicity in an alleged plot to blow up the house of commons, while in session, by throwing dynamite bombs from the stranger's gallery, has been elected mayor at Limerick by a unanimous vote, under the new Irish local government act.

He said he objected particularly to Judge Robinson's charge to the grand jury by which the indictment was found, alleging that the grand jury had no other option than to find an indictment charging murder in the second degree on the face of the judge's charge.

State Attorney Fessenden opposed the motion. He said that proceedings had been brought in accordance with custom, and that such a motion as made by the counsel for the defense should not be entertained by the court. Mr. Fessenden said that the state had carefully considered every step it had taken. The attorney for the defense should allow the trial to proceed, he thought, and that if the outcome of the trial was not satisfactory to the defense it might be taken to a higher tribunal.

In conclusion Mr. Fessenden said it would be wrong for any judge to grant such a motion, and that the proceedings should go on after the form followed by the state since the courts were established.

The arguments occupied between two and three hours and Judge Wheeler resolved his decision.

SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATED.

Gotha, Jan. 23.—The fêtes in celebration of the silver wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, to which the reigning families sent representatives, opened this morning with a grand reception in the throne room of the castle of Friedenstein, by the guests, diplomats, ducal officials and a number of public bodies, who offered the duke and duchess their congratulations. The duke replied to the addresses, declaring that he had known no higher joy than the welfare of the duchy. The ceremony concluded with cheers for the ducal couple. There was a state banquet and a gala performance tonight. Tomorrow there will be a state ball.

WAGE REDUCTION ORDERED.

Catalia, Me., Jan. 23.—A reduction of 6 per cent in wages has been ordered at the St. Stephen cotton mills. The carders have refused to accept the cutdown, and are on strike. The mills have been importing large quantities of yarn, and it is said will be able to run with one-third the usual number of carders.

NEW YORK DAMAGED.

Southampton, Jan. 23.—While the American line steamer New York was docking at Southampton on Saturday she broke adrift a large pontoon, which floated under the stern of the British steamer Larne, which arrived here on Jan. 5 from Liverpool, bending some of her plates and doing other damage.

SENT TO PRISON.

Washington, Jan. 23.—By inadvertence in making up the new tariff order for Porto Rico at the war department, the names of the following sub-parts were omitted: Arecibo, Aguadilla, Humacao, Pajardo, Isabel Segunda, Naguabo, Arroyo and Jesus.

THEATRE EXAMINED.

Boston, Jan. 23.—The resignation of Lieutenant Colonel Claffin of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, M. V. M., was received by Governor Wolcott today. It was immediately accepted. This leaves Major Darling in command of the regiment.

RESIGNATION ACCEPTED.

Boston, Jan. 23.—The resignation of Major General Robert P. Kennedy of Bellefontaine, O.; Curtis Guild of Massachusetts, and George W. Watkins of Grand Rapids, Mich.

STILL NO CHOICE.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 23.—The fifth ballot in the joint assembly of the senate and house today for United States senator resulted as follows: Quay (R.), 43; Jenkins (D.), 48; Daizel (R.), 11; Irvin (R.), 3; Stewart (R.), 8; Hur (R.), 3; C. W. Stone (R.), 6; Tubbs (R.), 3; Grow (R.), 3; Markle (R.), 1; Downing (R.), 1; P. A. B. Weidner (R.), 2; total vote, 150.

4 PROMINENT CITIZEN DEAD.

Melrose, Mass., Jan. 23.—Alonso V. Lynde, for half a century a prominent citizen and lawyer of this town, died this morning, aged 76 years. He accumulated a large amount of property, was a leading Democrat, and until recently active as a lawyer.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

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HACKING COUGH.

A Sign that there is Danger of Consumption Ahead.

Might as well Commit Suicide as to Let It Go Unchecked.

Vinol, Wine of Cod Liver Oil, is Guaranteed to Cure Such Troubles.

We Will Refund Your Money if You Will Give It a Fair Trial, and It Fails.

We Know the Great Value of Vinol, and Would Like to Tell Others About It.

A hacking cough does not always seem serious, yet it is a most grave symptom. It irritates and bruises the delicate tissue of the throat and lungs. It nicely makes everything ready for the germs of consumption.

If you have consumptive tendencies, care should be taken. Fortify your system so that you will not continually be troubled with a cough.

We are sure nothing will do this for you better than Vinol. Vinol, unlike other cod liver oil preparations, does not upset the stomach, and does taste delicious.

F. H. Baxter, of 84 Green Street, Charlestown, says: "I had a terrible cough, and was troubled with night sweats. I took Vinol, wine of cod liver oil. It is positively wonderful. Its taste is delicious. It did not upset my stomach, and has done me good more quickly than cod liver oil or other remedies which I have taken in past years."

This is only one case of many. We know Vinol will help any one subject to coughs and colds. So sure are we of this that we will guarantee the action of Vinol, and will return the money to any one who, after giving it a fair trial, is not perfectly satisfied.

ANDREW P. PRESTON.

ANOTHER CHAPLAIN

Counsel for Dr. Nancy, Guilford Trial to Get Indictment Out.

Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 23.—Another chapter in the now famous Yeatman pond murder mystery was commenced this morning when in the superior court before Judge George W. Meader, J. L. Klein, counsel for Dr. Nancy A. Guilford, made his argument for the quashing of the indictment charging his client with murder in the second degree in connection with the recent death of Emma Gill of Stoughton. In support of his motion to quash the indictment Attorney Klein argued that the attempt to prosecute his client on that charge was an attempt to combine common law with the statute law. He said that no one would attempt to say that his client had been guilty of attempting murder and that there was no attempt to commit murder on her part even if she did perform the operation which is alleged to have subsequently caused the death of Emma Gill.

He said he objected particularly to Judge Robinson's charge to the grand jury by which the indictment was found, alleging that the grand jury had no other option than to find an indictment charging murder in the second degree on the face of the judge's charge.

State Attorney Fessenden opposed the motion. He said that proceedings had been brought in accordance with custom, and that such a motion as made by the counsel for the defense should not be entertained by the court. Mr. Fessenden said that the state had carefully considered every step it had taken. The attorney for the defense should allow the trial to proceed, he thought, and that if the outcome of the trial was not satisfactory to the defense it might be taken to a higher tribunal.

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SENT TO PRISON.

</div

THE JEWEL.

OFFICER The Evening Post
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 22, 1864.

BY TELEGRAPH.

WRANGLING OVER NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The executive session of the senate today was devoted wholly to the discussion of the promotions of Admirals Sampson and Schley and other officers prominent in the Santiago campaign over the heads of their superior officers. The controversy has been postponed for twenty days, after a vote had been passed to call for the records of the navy department bearing on the standing of all officers mentioned for advancement. Senators Gorham and Wellington of Maryland made a fierce attack upon the navy department for forcing Sampson over Schley. A number of other senators attacked the whole system of promotions. The method of the administration was defended by Messrs. Hale, Chandler and Lodge. Senator Chandler said that he deprecated the opening of the controversy which might lead to a condition which would prove as unfavorable as that of the war investigation had developed in regard to army beef. Those who upheld the promotion of Sampson in preference to Schley warned the friends of the latter if they insisted upon pressing the investigation too closely some facts would be developed that would not be agreeable to them.

The chairmanship of the reception committee is at least one office that is seeking the man.

Now they talk of a court martial for General Miles. Wouldn't do any harm to scare him a little.

There are sundry points of resemblance between our war inquiry and the French court of cassation.

John L. Sullivan, the "dead one," is authority for the information that Messrs. Fitzsimmons and Sharkey will meet in fistic array.

The new senator from North Dakota is said to be worth \$100,000. That is, he was rated that figure before he went after the senatorship.

How about the consent of the Guam governed? And how about the sea birds that roost on Wake Island? Shall not their wishes be taken into consideration?

PENSION CHANGES.

Names of New England Men and Women Added to the Roll.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The following pension changes are announced under issue of Jan. 11:

Maine—Additional, Benjamin F. Griffin, Vienna, \$8 to \$12. Increase, Ambrose W. Severance, Stillwater, \$8 to \$8; Daniel E. Woodman, Norridgewock, \$14 to \$30. Original, widows, etc., Anna Hagan, Portland, \$8; Annie A. Hamlin, Milo, \$8; Laura A. Sargent, Bridgewater, \$8.

New Hampshire—Original, Michael Quinn, Soldiers' home, Belknap, \$12. Additional, Alfred Woodman, Plainfield, \$3 to \$10. Original, widows, etc., Olive A. Hunt, Suncook, \$8.

Vermont—Original, widows, etc., Harriet A. Crowley, Albany, \$12.

Massachusetts—Andrew G. King, Boston, \$8; Edwin F. Hall, Haverhill, \$6; Joseph H. McIndire, Thorne, \$8; Edward Pease, Huntington, \$6; Joseph B. Knox, Worcester, \$8; Michael O'Halloran, Watertown, \$6. Additional, Oliver J. Damon, Chesterfield, \$8 to \$10; Marvin D. Kimball, Westboro, \$4 to \$8; Daniel W. Spofford, Georgetown, \$6 to \$12. Increase, George B. Jones, South Braintree, \$10 to \$12. Reissue and increase, Robert Bower, Lawrence, \$6 to \$8.

Rhode Island—Original, Orin Vroman (dead), Providence, \$12; Thomas Minchin, Pawtucket, \$12. Increase, Lewis A. Tucker, Providence, \$8 to \$12.

Connecticut—Increase, Ransom C. Russell, New Haven, \$10 to \$12. Original, widows, etc., Emogene F. Stone, Waterbury, \$8.

VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

Sycamore, Ill., Jan. 23.—General Frederick W. Partridge died yesterday, aged 75 years. General Partridge was in both the Mexican and civil wars. He was sent on a recent mission by President James K. Polk to Mexico, where he was captured as a spy and imprisoned in San Juan d' Uloa. In the civil war he was commissioned captain of company E, Thirteenth Illinois, by Governor Yates, and was rapidly promoted for bravery. At the battle of Missionary Ridge his valor was such that he was promoted Brigadier General. In 1869 he was appointed by President U. S. Grant consul general to Bangkok, Siam, where he served eight years.

ENGINEER M'DONALD KILLED.

Boston, Jan. 23.—Engineer Martin McDonald of the Boston fire department was killed while on the way to a fire this forenoon by being thrown from his engine and falling under the wheels of a heavily loaded coal truck. Engine 13, with which McDonald was connected, was responding to an alarm from box 21A, at the corner of Palmer and Washington streets. McDonald stood on the fireboard behind and as the engine swerved in crossing the street, he was thrown off and run over before the driver of the coal team could stop his horses.

VOTE IN DELAWARE.

Dover, Del., Jan. 23.—The joint ballot over Union candidates today resulted as follows: George Gray (D.), 14; J. Edward Adcock (R.), 18; Henry H. Dodge (Rep. R.), 1; Francis G. Dupont (Rep. R.), 1; William S. Hillis (Rep. R.), 1; H. Handy (D.), 2; John H. Reed (Rep. R.), 2; absent, 6; total vote, 46; necessary to choose, 34. No election.

WEAKNESS AND WEARINESS.

The Grip Left Me So Lame I Could Hardly Walk.

I Suffered With Pain and a Feeling of Fatigue and Weariness.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Has Completely Cured Me of Everything.

Mr. Geo. A. Clark, Manchester, N. H., says:

"Some two years ago I was attacked with the grip and last spring I was so lame that I could not get up the steps from my boarding house without taking hold of the fence. I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and have taken five bottles. The bad lameness and pain

is entirely disappeared. Besides, I have suffered from a feeling of fatigue and weariness and Dr. Greene's Nervura has caused that also to go away. I would recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura. If I am ever afflicted again I shall certainly take this medicine."

Dr. Greene's Nervura will make you well. Try it. You can at any time consult without charge with Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., whose vast experience and great success in curing diseases makes a cure certain in your case. You can call or write to the Doctor.

A DELUGE OF BILLS.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 23.—The time for giving notice of bills in the New Hampshire legislature expired tonight. Notices have been given in the house of 132 bills and joint resolutions. This makes a total of 416. Last year's record was 402. Included among the measures were bills for the appointment of a New Hampshire commission to the Paris exposition; to establish a court of appeals; to purchase the birthplace of Daniel Webster at Franklin; to regulate the width of wagon tires; licensing of bicycles and abolishing the office of insurance commissioner.

EXPIRES TODAY.

MADRID, Jan. 23.—A Paris despatch from Manila says the time in which the insurgents have allowed the Americans to recognize their independence expires tomorrow. Hostilities are expected to resume. Aguinaldo has requested the viceroy to send a commission to negotiate for the release of the clerical prisoners.

SAMOA NEWS COMES BY FREIGHT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Inquiries made at the state department show that no further advice can be expected from Samoa until the latter part of the week.

TO BE THOROUGHLY REPAIRED.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The U. S. S. Cincinatti arrived at Tompkinsville today. She will be completely overhauled at the Brooklyn navy yard.

STORY OF A SLAVE

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of electric bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, head-ache, back-ache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is a godsend to the weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Globe Grocery Co., Druggist.

WASHINGTON TOURS, \$23.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 2, 10 and 24. Seven days, \$23. Sidetrip to Old Point Comfort Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Ouro" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits \$75 costs. Sold by Geo. Bill Druggist Portsmouth.

To cure Constitution forever, Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or the T. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

NO INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

Louisville, Jan. 23.—It is probable that no inquest will be held to determine what caused the death of Tom Lansing the pugilist, who was knocked out a few weeks ago by John Root of Chicago.

Chief of Police Haager advances a novel reason for non-action. "I have no proof that Lansing's death was caused by a blow," said he, "and, besides, what would be the use?" Lansing was a fighter. That was his business. He was hurt while working at his trade. Many similar cases have been tried, and all those who were accused were acquitted. I don't think any action is necessary."

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—James A. Gifford of New Bedford was found dead in bed at the Castle Square hotel this morning. Mr. Gifford registered at the hotel last night. Medical Examiner Draper will hold an autopsy this afternoon to ascertain the cause of death.

GENERAL SAXTON BETTER.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The condition of General Sexton, who is at Garfield hospital, is reported today as somewhat improved, though no decided change has taken place. He rested fairly well last night.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Leading Quotations in New York and Boston Markets

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—In the outside market call money is quoted at 1 1/8 per cent and time money is nominally 8 per cent.

Stock closings.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe..... 234

Boston Telephone..... 234

Boston and Maine..... 171

Calumet..... 700

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy..... 132

Erie Tel..... 100

General Electric..... 107

Pullman..... 157

Sugar prof..... 11

West End..... 96

New York Stocks

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western..... 158

Louisville and Nashville..... 672

Michigan..... 115

Missouri Pacific..... 174

Northern Pacific prof..... 154

New York Central..... 134

Rock Island..... 129

St. Paul..... 129

Sugar Common..... 131

Tobacco..... 149

Union Pacific..... 145

Western Union..... 97%

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MADAM OF THE IVIES.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE

with Madam's relations to life outside her own home, I had gained; that was the fact of the presence somewhere in the world of a son who had exasperated himself for some cause unknown to me. She had herself mentioned him to me, else I should have known nothing of him, for her servants were too faithful to their allegiance to her to gossip ever so slightly of things that concerned their mistress. She had alluded to letters received from him, and so I knew that a correspondence was maintained between them, but I was not called upon either to read or to answer these communications. I supposed, as I afterwards learnt was the case, that Mrs. Mayberry served her at such times.

One day, however, as we were sitting at twilight in her boudoir, the month being February, and the brilliant flames on the hearth all the illumination we required, she said to me:

"Dorothy, I am afraid I must lay a new duty upon you."

"Even then my burden of employment will be a light one, Madam," I answered.

"Poor Mayberry's handwriting is getting so tremulous that it is becoming almost undecipherable. It is a serious misfortune to me, for, clever amanuensis as you are, my dear, you cannot be of such special service to me as my poor old housekeeper has been."

"Indeed, Madam, are you sure? I asked, somewhat chagrined, at the idea that that poor wreck of a woman could do better duty than I."

"Yes, sure," she replied. "I will tell you why. She has acquired a very faithful imitation of my own handwriting. In olden times it was her wont to try to fashion herself by such a poor model as I. She was a clever girl, and you would be surprised to know how accurately she copied me in many respects. I have spoken to you of my son Darracott. He lives abroad, traveling from place to place, for he is a restless man and ill content with monotony."

She paused, and sat awhile with her unseeing gaze bent upon the glowing fire, while I occupied myself with reflections upon the selfishness of my son who could allow a blind mother to drag out so desolate and lonely an existence as this of Madam's because, forsooth, monotony wearied him. Youth is apt to leap at hasty conclusions.

"Mayberry has been my means of communicating with him," she went on, presently. "She has read his letters to me, and answered them in the first person for me, because, my dear, my son is not aware of the affliction which has beset me, and it has been the aim of my wishes to keep it from him."

I cried aloud at this. I could not help it.

"Oh, Madam!" I said, "it is not right; it is not fair to him!"

She smiled very sadly.

"Little girl," she replied, "you speak with the impulsiveness of your age and ignorance. Not fair! Is there question of fairness in adding fresh fuel to the heap which consumes a martyr? Darracott should never have been informed of this ill fortune which has afflicted me if I could have prevented it; but, alas! he complains that he can no longer decipher my handwriting, which is in fact Mayberry's and argues some condition of ill health from this evidence of infirmity. He has questioned me so closely that I find it impossible to evade him, and I am therefore obliged, most unwillingly, to disclose the truth to him. So, little Dorothy, you must hereafter be the link that joins my absent boy to his mother."

And so it was that I began to write long letters to Darracott Chester, for I found that it was by a previous marriage that this son had been born to Madam. I shall never forget the first letter I wrote him. It informed him of his mother's affliction, but so lightly was the subject treated that it might have had to do with a mere passing indisposition, rather than with a dire bereavement which seems, of all physical calamities, the worst. The casual manner in which she alluded to the matter, and the effect to appear careless and indifferent concerning it, gave to the letter a tone of self-efacement and self-abnegation that brought tears to my eyes as I penned it.

"If he has the heart of a man and not a stone in his breast," I said to myself as I sealed it, "he will come home to her, whether he dreads monotony or not."

And, indeed, the return mail brought to Madam a letter filled with reproach. It was rather a strange letter, I thought, for while it was all that was dutiful, and was marked with sincere distress and sorrow for her affliction, it lacked totally in tenderness and filial love. But it fulfilled my expectations in one respect. Its writer was about to return to Eldon.

This prospect, when Madam disclosed it to her household, created the wildest excitement. The effect it produced upon the most prominent trio was widely different. Franklin was jubilant at the thought of Mr. Chester's return; Mayberry, absurd and unreasoning as I thought the idea, was, without doubt, paralyzed and shocked by the intelligence; while Madam herself, dearly as I believed, she loved him, did not seem wholly happy in the idea of her son's home-coming.

Uninstructed as I was in knowledge of the events which influenced these various sentiments, I made no attempt to fathom their cause, and contented myself with girlish and romantic speculations concerning the new inmate which The Ivies would soon receive.

It would be nearly a month before Mr. Chester would arrive, he wrote, and during that month I found occasion to heartily welcome the fact that a man of strength and intelligence would soon be installed beneath our roof. For during that month strange things occurred, which filled me with fear and foreboding, and which yet seemed so wild and improbable that I could not bring myself to mention them even to my good friends the Spencers.

For my good friends the Spencers had certainly become. Madam always spoke of them in the warmest terms, and cordially encouraged my intimacy with them. I never had cared for a large circle of acquaintances, but it was exceedingly pleasant to me to be able to vary what was assuredly a monotonous existence with visits to

such a congenial house as theirs. There was but one drawback to my friendship. David Spencer loved me, and had told me so. I had been obliged to refuse his love, and although he had begged me to allow his offer to make no difference in our mutual relations, and I had promised that it should be so yet it was but natural that I should feel somewhat constrained in the presence of a man whom I had rejected.

I had thought it only honorable towards Madam that I should acquaint her with the matter. I was surprised by the manner in which she received my confidence.

"It is actually impossible for you to love this good fellow, my dear," she said, with great earnestness.

"Impossible indeed," I replied.

She sighed deeply.

"I wish it might have been different," she said, as if communing with herself. "It would have seemed like stone-mten." Then the subject dropped between us.

I have made allusion to the fact that about this time strange and suspicious circumstances began to arouse my curiosity and alarm. The first of these occurred one evening, or rather one late afternoon, as I was returning from a charitable expedition to the village. My nature is quite a fearless one. I am without the natural feminine reluctance to go about after dark unprotected, nor am I unduly disturbed by strange happenings. But, on the other hand, I have more than the average curiosity of my sex although, being aware of this weakness, I have made myself mistress of it, and where I feel it to be unwise and indiscreet I am able to place a strong curb upon it. But on ordinary occasions it rises to the surface, and quite transcends any impediment of fear or timidity which might hamper its gratification.

I was strolling up the avenue, then, about one hour after dusk had fallen, when, at about the spot where I had found Madam standing many months ago, I came to an abrupt halt. I had chanced to look down at the Stone House standing amidst its shadows, and I could have sworn that I saw a figure fit by one of its windows, I approached the edge of the cliff and scanned the house closely. There was certainly a shutter open, for a dark space intervened between the outlines of a casement where, as in the other windows, should have been gleaming whiteness. This in itself was strange, for never in all the time I had been at The Ivies had I seen any sign of occupancy or caretaking about the place. Indeed, I had sometimes wondered that Madam did not have it aired occasionally.

Still, unusual as this evidence of life in the grim mansion was, it did not seem to me then suspicious. I thought that perhaps during my absence Madam had availed herself of the aid of either Mayberry or Franklin to carry out the intention to revisit the scene of her former happiness, and my chief sensation as I continued my homeward way was one of regret and disappointment that I had not been with her on that occasion.

But as I reached the door of The Ivies Franklin opened it with an expression of annoyance on his face.

"Franklin," I began, "does anyone ever go into the Stone House for any purpose?"

The old fellow had greeted my appearance with a welcoming smile, for, as I have said, I was a favorite with him, and he was always gratified if

forth no signs of life or habitation, it remained simply the cold white corpse of a once happy home.

Two or three days after this, however, I was detained by the very severe illness of one of Madam's beneficiaries until an unusually late hour. So late was it that Dr. Spencer, whom I met as I was passing through the village, remonstrated with me concerning my being out at such a time, and insisted upon accompanying me as far as the gates. As I approached the Stone House I detected, perhaps no one but a person bent on mischief, would have noted it—a line of light, a mere luminous thread, gleaming through the interstices of the shutters of one window. I paused some moments, watching it closely. I gained nothing further from my observation, however, and, fearing to delay Madam dinner-hour by my absence, shortly after forsook my post and went back to The Ivies, in a state of great doubt and perplexity.

I could not see my course clear in the matter. Had I been instructed in the story of Madam's life, I should have known how to act. As it was I feared to touch raw wounds, to make trouble for my beloved mistress, by alluding to a mystery which might be connected with past suffering and sorrow. But I did resolve upon one thing—that I would put a few questions to old Franklin, and, possibly, take him into my confidence. Accordingly, that night, after I had conducted Madam

and was holding me fast with her poor thin weak hands.

"You must not go—you shall not!" she exclaimed. "You do not know the reasons why Dr. Spencer never comes to this house, do you? I see by your look you don't. Then let me tell you that Madam would rather die than have him enter her doors. Now will you be satisfied?"

Although at the time I had not much confidence in her statement yet her agitation was so great and sincere that I had not the courage to insist upon a suggestion which carried such terror with it.

"I wash my hands of you," I said. "If this girl dies I shall lay her death at your door. You will neither send for the doctor nor will you let me see her. There is some mystery at work here; I am sure of it; and I tell you frankly that when Mr. Chester comes I shall share my suspicions with him. Now I will describe what you are to do for the maid."

The misery in her face was appalling. "Miss Lothrop," she burst forth, with tears of agony coursing down her seamed cheeks, "what have I done to you that you should hunt me like this? Haven't I tried to make you comfortable ever since you came to The Ivies? Haven't I waited on you to the best of my power? Haven't I studied all your wants and tried to fulfill them? Have I ever caused you annoyance, or have I been in any ways disrespectful? If I have not been all I should be to you, tell me, and I will humbly beg your pardon. There must be some reason why you are bent on persecuting me."

"You are talking nonsense!" I returned firmly, yet feeling a little embarrassed nevertheless, for it was true that she had rendered me every attention since I had made one of the household. "It is no personal motive that influences me against the course of conduct you are pursuing, but an aversion to secret proceedings in general. I feel that my duty to Madam impels me to discover to her your strange and incomprehensible actions."

"And yet you do not love him," I felt like saying, though, of course, I gave no such license to my speech.

When I returned to my own rooms for the night, I put on a loose wrapper, and, as was my custom, seated myself beside my comfortable fire for an hour's reading before going to bed. But my thoughts refused to centre themselves upon my book. I felt it borne in upon me that I was living a romance amid an environment of strange shadow and mystery. I could spare no thought for the consideration of fictitious narrative.

Who was this man who was so soon to invade the seclusion of our lives here in this old mansion? I knew his name and his relationship to my mistress, but who was he? Of what characteristics was he composed? What was his nature; what were his habits; what his likes and dislikes; his tastes, sympathies, prejudices? Would his presence in the house constrain me? Would my society be unwelcome to him? What could be the cause of the incompatibility between him and Madam? These and kindred reflections were occupying my mind when a timid knock at my door brought me back from dream land.

"Come in," I called. The handle turned, and Mrs. Mayberry appeared upon the threshold. I urged her to enter, and she did so, carefully closing the door behind her. Her face was even whiter than usual, and I could see that there was an intense tremulousness in all her muscles which she only commanded by immense effort.

"Mrs. Mayberry," he answered. "Come in," I called. The handle turned, and Mrs. Mayberry appeared upon the threshold. I urged her to enter, and she did so, carefully closing the door behind her. Her face was even whiter than usual, and I could see that there was an intense tremulousness in all her muscles which she only commanded by immense effort.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Lothrop," she said, and I observed that she was glad to steady herself by the support of the back of a chair, "but I have no one else to go to, as I never trouble Madam with domestic matters. One of the maids has burst a blood-vessel, and I do not know what remedies to apply. I have had no experience in similar cases, and I thought you might be able to offer me some suggestion."

"I rose at once from my chair. At first it did not occur to me that the woman was not speaking the literal truth. I had a horror of blood myself, and thought her unusual agitation was due to a like sentiment. My first thought was to go to the sufferer.

"Has the hemorrhage stopped?" I asked.

"Nearly," she replied.

"I will go to her at once," I said. "My father died of consumption; I am perfectly informed regarding the proper remedies. Come."

I spoke somewhat peremptorily, as I have authority; but she made no motion of compliance. Indeed, she stretched out her hand as if to detain me.

"No," she responded; "tell me what to do. The girl is of a strange disposition; she has begged me to allow no one to come near her."

"That is nonsense!" I returned impatiently. "Of course, she must have proper medical attention at once. All I can do is to suggest temporary relief. You must wake Holmes (the gardener) and despatch him for Dr. Spencer."

"Dr. Spencer!" There was a wildness in the ejaculation that first awoke my doubts of her story. She gave a hoarse, hysterical little laugh that struck painfully on the ear; it suggested a pathetically overwrought condition.

"Yes, Dr. Spencer," I repeated. "I would not take the responsibility of this woman's life into my hands."

Even I, prejudiced against her as I was, melted beneath the tragic alarm that came into her glance as I spoke! It was apparent that my words first gave her cause for grave apprehension.

"It is so dangerous as that?" she muttered.

I nodded. She wrung her hands in distress.

"Even then he must not come," she said.

"How foolish!" I exclaimed, out of patience at the delay. "As if Madam would permit any sentimental considerations to stand in the way of such necessity as this! Besides, she need not see the doctor at all. Indeed, she need not even know that he is here, until he is gone. I will take all the responsibility of his coming upon my own shoulders. You need not fear Madam."

It seemed as if my words had suggested a welcome excuse to her.

"Yes, I fear Madam; it is that," she responded, with obstinate firmness. "I must not send for him; Madam would not like it."

"You are a fool!" I cried at the end of my forbearance. "Then, if you will have it so, I shall go myself to Madam, and ask her permission. I will not consent to allow you to trifling with the life of a fellow being so nonsensically. Let me go, Mayberry! I command you!"

"Oh, it could not be," she said;

and was holding me fast with her poor thin weak hands.

"You must not go—you shall not!"

"She exclaimed. "You do not know the reasons why Dr. Spencer never comes to this house, do you? I see by your look you don't. Then let me tell you that Madam would rather die than have him enter her doors. Now will you be satisfied?"

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THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24, 1893.

OBITUARY.

Alvah Jellison.

The death of this well-known citizen and veteran of the war of the rebellion, which occurred at his late residence, No. 43 Deer street, on Monday evening, after a brief illness from the grippe, will prove a great shock to his many friends, and will be learned with sincere regret by the entire community in which he has lived for the major part of his life and where he was universally respected. Mr. Jellison was a native of the town of Kennebunk, Me., and at the age of seventeen years enlisted in Nineteen Maine regiment and at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1863, was desperately wounded by a shell in the repulse of Pickett's famous charge. As a result of this wound he was honorably discharged from the service. In 1866 he came to this city and having recovered from his injuries obtained employment on the navy yard where he remained for several years. Later he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine railroad, as fireman, and for several years ran on the Dover branch until failing eyesight compelled him to relinquish the position. At the time of his decease he was janitor of the Farragut school, a position he filled with great faithfulness and was most popular with teachers and scholars.

His age was fifty-four years, nine months and twenty-two days.

A wife; one son, Percy, seventeen years old; two sisters, residents of Kennebunk, and one brother, Oliver, of this city, survive him.

He was a charter member of General Gilman Marion Command, Union Veterans Union, having joined that organization at its formation. The funeral will probably take place on Thursday.

Mrs. Georgiana Grant, wife of Mr. John Grant, died on Monday afternoon at her home in Kittery after a long illness of cancer of the stomach, which she bore with patience.

The deceased was one of the best known ladies in Kittery, where she was greatly beloved by all.

She leaves her husband, four sons, Samuel E., Henry U., John E. and Lesander D., all of Kittery.

THE CAKE WALK.

A genuine darkey cake walk, followed by a dance, brought out a large and interested audience in Philbrick hall Monday evening, and the former proved to be one of the most amusing events of the season. Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished the music, and nearly a dozen professional cake walkers competed for the magnificent prize cake.

All of them were very evenly matched, and the judges, Messrs. Arthur Horton, John J. Kelly and Harry Snow, found it difficult to select the winner. It finally narrowed down to two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vaigel, and Mr. D. A. Donovan and Mrs. Mollie Morse Bradley. It was nip and tuck which were the best, but after several trials the judges awarded the prize to Mr. and Mrs. Vaigel, and their decision met the approval of the large audience.

Dancing followed the cake walk, and until a late hour many from the galleries joined in the festivities. The managers are to be congratulated on the success of the affair, as they furnished an evening brim full of fun and enjoyment.

FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS
"My husband had rheumatism so that he could not walk without crutches. He took a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and has had no rheumatism since. I have taken it myself and my health is now better than for over twenty years." Mrs. John T. Wadleigh, Box 191, Weston, Vermont.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable sure 25c.

ORDERED TO NORFOLK.

Mate John L. Vennard, U. S. N., commanding the U. S. S. Piscataqua at this navy yard, was on Monday detached from that vessel and ordered to the U. S. S. Franklin at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Vennard has been on duty at this yard for many years as captain of the yard tugs, and his friends will regret the orders detaching him.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Erapsions, and positively cure Piles or Money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLIN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Bucklin's Blood Bitters is the natural, new ailing remedy for a lazy liver.

A NEW LAND

An Improvement Through Which Another Section of the Pine Tree State is Brought Into Prominence
For sometime back there has been much talk regarding the building of a line of railroad into that widely known section of Maine, Washington County, but it was only last year that the enterprise was launched, and those who are interested financially predict a boom for that section that will be far reaching. Every part of Maine when properly developed has brought rich returns commercially and otherwise, and the bringing of Washington County into close connection with the great cities of the east will prove no exception.

The time was, and only a few months ago at that, when Eastport, Machias and a score of other sizable places could be reached only at unfrequent periods during the summer season and in winter time when weather permitted, and then only by a boat or stage journey. But now there is a great difference, for there is a daily service to all points in that vicinity, the train leaving Boston daily, except Saturday, at 7:45 p. m. and on Sundays at 7:00 p. m. makes direct connection for those points and sleeping cars run as far as Bangor.

For the sportsman Washington County is a perfect paradise; the streams, ponds and lakes abound in the finest specimens of trout, bass and salmon, and the forest regions through which the road passes is a hunting ground, spacious, and to this time, but frequently explored. We have but just commenced to realize what this vast tract will open to us.

WANT TO CONSOLIDATE.

A bill has been introduced into the House and referred to the committee on railroads to consolidate the three corporations known as the Exeter street railway, the Hampton and Amesbury street railway and the Rockingham Electric company. These three corporations are principally owned by the same stockholders and by the consolidation it is expected to considerably reduce operating expenses and form one corporation to be known as the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury Street Railway company.

The lines of the two railway corporations connect with each other and the dynamo and power plant of the Rockingham Electric company obtain their power from the plant of the Electric Street Railway company and the two corporations are practically operated together. Among the parties interested in the corporation to be formed by uniting the three corporations are William H. C. Hollansbee, Stephen H. Gale, Albert S. Wetherell, Albert E. McRee and Rufus N. Elwell of Exeter, Warren Brown of Hampton and Wallace D. Lovell and others of Boston.

MAY NOT COME HERE

If the Washington Correspondent of the New York Tribune is to be believed we will not see the two Captured Spanish boats Alvarado and Sandoval here after all. In speaking of the captured vessels, the Tribune says:

After the fall of Santiago, when Guanabacoa was surrendered, the Spaniards, on deserting the Sandoval, sunk her, and she was not raised until September 1. Both vessels were constantly used during the wrecking operations on the vessels of Cervera's fleet, but they started North in November, ordered to the Portsmouth Navy Yard for extensive repairs.

The rough weather encountered at this time of the year north of Cape Hatteras compelled them to enter the Chesapeake, and their further cruise Northward has been abandoned for the present, it being the intention of the naval authorities to rehabilitate them at Washington or at Norfolk.

TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.

Miss Mary Graham, an aged woman living on Green street, fell near the Green street railroad crossing on Sunday evening and was severely bruised. She was taken to her home, but no physician was summoned until Monday afternoon, when Dr. Boni Cheever was called and found her in great pain and suffering from a fractured rib. He ordered her removal to the Cottage hospital at once for treatment.

WHIST TOURNAMENT

The result of the games played in the P. A. C. whist tournament last evening is as follows:

McCarthy and Gray defeated Cotton and Sides, 30 to 17.

Tibbitts and Martin defeated Smith and Venuard, 30 to 22.

Cotton and Sides defeated McCarthy and Gray, 30 to 22.

ON ANOTHER FOOT

Chief Engineer Randall sends that fire going to the wrong place. Keeley Institute, North Conway, should be written on the tag the next time it goes away.

PERSONALS.

Mrs Julia D. Moses was a visitor in Boston on Monday.

Rev. Daniel Murphy of Dover was a visitor here Monday.

Mr. Samuel Ramsdell of Dover passed Monday in this city.

Mrs Charles H. Price of this city passed Monday in Dover.

Mr. Valentine A. Mathes of Dover was a visitor here Monday.

Dwight Hall, Esq., city solicitor of Dover, was in town Monday.

City Driver W. Wallace Webster went home ill on Monday evening.

Mr. Arthur J. Freeman is confined to his home on Columbia street by illness.

Miss Harriet P. Dame, the aged war nurse, is again seriously ill in Concord.

Representative M. M. Collins of Ward two went to Concord on Monday noon.

Photographer L. V. Newell went to Boston and Lawrence today on a business trip.

Mrs. Frank Downing is seriously ill at her home on Langdon street, with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hall of Bye Beach are passing the week in Washington and Old Point Comfort.

Mr. Arthur G. Abbott, night telegraph operator at Dover, was here on Monday for a short time.

Ho. E. S. Marshall of York went to Augusta on Monday to assist in auditing the accounts of the state treasurer.

Manager Charles P. Berry of the Portsmouth Shoe company is expected home from her southern trip tomorrow.

Miss Ida Shackley, one of the teachers at the Whipple school, is ill and Miss Minnie Woods is substituting for her.

Mrs. Joseph Hoyt of Newington returned on Monday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Fannie F. Cowles in Boston.

Miss Grace Hoyt left on Monday for Brookline, Mass., where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Arthur Heaton.

Captain W. H. Kell, 22d Regt., U. S. A., and bride, started this Tuesday forenoon for Omaha, where his regiment is just now stationed.

Rev. O. S. Bakelot, presiding elder of the Manchester district, formerly pastor of Trinity M. E. church, was a visitor here on Monday.

Rev. O. S. Bakelot, presiding elder of Manchester district, returned to Manchester this morning after passing a couple of days in this city and vicinity.

Representative A. C. Anderson of Ward two, who has been ill for a few days with the grippe, was able to be out on Monday and return to Concord this morning.

Willie Mains, the celebrated ex-pitcher of the Springfield, was in town Monday and passed several hours with his former clubmate, Walter Woods. Mains is on his way to Boston from his home in Maine.

ENTERTAINED FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stoddard of Richards avenue entertained a party of friends at their pleasant home on Monday evening. The evening was pleasantly passed at whist.

At the conclusion of the play it was found that the ladies' prize had been won by Mrs. Ralph Gould and the gents, by Mr. William Newick. The consolations were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. John N. Goodall.

Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served by the hostess.

FOR WIFE BEATING.

John Varney, a veteran of the War of the Rebellion, is confined at the station charged with wife beating. John's home is on Linden street where he resides with his wife. He draws a pension from the government and this is what caused his downfall. His good wife asked him for a portion of his last remittance and he in righteous indignation dashed the contents of a glassful of whiskey in her face. This he followed up with a violent laying on of the hands. Mrs. Varney had her liege lord arrested but will probably not appear against him in court.

CONDEMNED GOVERNOR STONE

HARRISBURG, Penn., Jan. 23.—A statement was issued tonight by the steering committee of the Anti-Quay republicans voicing their condemnation of Governor Stone in his open letter regarding Senator Quay and claiming that the letter was an improper outburst implying a failure to execute the rights and duties of the legislature.

McCarthy and Gray defeated Cotton and Sides, 30 to 17.

Tibbitts and Martin defeated Smith and Venuard, 30 to 22.

Cotton and Sides defeated McCarthy and Gray, 30 to 22.

POOL TOURNAMENT

Three games were played in the P. A. C. tournament last evening with the following result:

Parker defeated Conner, 100 to 90.

Gentleman defeated Burke, 100 to 93.

Kirkpatrick defeated Pothic, 100 to 90.

KILLED BY AN ENGINE.

NASHUA, Jan. 23.—Andy Scanlon, aged twenty-five years, of Frankfort, Penn., was run over and instantly killed by an engine on the Worcester and Nashua railroad this evening. He stole a ride from Ayer Junction on a freight and was killed as he was leaving the car at the Nashua yard.

CITY NEWS.

"Let not your grief be uncontroll'd,
Mid tempest rash,
Think of the trouble we have sold
For ready cash."

Washington Star

Rain is predicted.

Prof. Cushman coming Thursday.

The legislators went to Concord again today.

This promises to be a lively week in social circles.

The springlike weather holds out remarkably well.

The skating has been somewhat affected by the warm spell.

It will be but three weeks, and then will come the Lenten season.

Several enthusiastic wheelmen were seen on the streets yesterday.

Skating is still popular with the youngsters, although the ice surfaces are not very good.

The "B. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Wanted at once.—A capable girl for general housework, apply at 21 Wibird street, Mrs. Charles E. Almy.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

Tickets for the P. C. C. minstrel show go on sale on Wednesday morning at 8:30 at the box office in Phillips' block.

Over 2000 electric lights will be used in the setting at the P. C. C. minstrel show on Friday evening, and a chorus of sixty voices will be heard.

Senator Chandler was one of the honorary pall bearers at the funeral in Washington Saturday of the late John Russell Young, librarian of congress.

Anyone wishing tickets for the Governor's ball at Concord on the evening of January 25th can procure them from Hoyt & Dow; price \$5.00.

Gen. George M. L. Lane is a candidate for re-election and commander of the New England brigade, and his candidacy is favored by the Manchester line officers. Outside of that city, several of the line officers are understood to favor Col. Tolles of Nashua for the position.

Superintendent James H. Fasset of the